Aiax. I say the proclamation.

Ther. Thou grombleſt and rayleſt euery houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of enuy at his greatneſſe, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpinas* beauty, I that thou barkſt at him.

Aiax. Miſtres *Therſites.*

Ther. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike him. *Aiax Coblofe,*
Hee would punne thee into ſhiuers with his fiſt, as a ſayler breakes a bisket, you horſon curre. Do? do?

Aiax: Thou ſtoole for a witch:

Ther. I, Do? do? thou ſodden witted Lord, thou haſt no more braine then I haue in mine elbowes, an *Aſinico* may tutor thee, you ſcuruy valiant aſſe, thou art heere but to thraſh Troyans, and thou art bought and ſould among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlaue. If thou vſe to beate mee I will beginne at thy heele, and tell what thou art by ynches, thou thing of no bowells thou.

Aiax. You dog: *Ther.* You ſcuruy Lord.

Aiax. You curre.

Ther. *Mars* his Idiot, do rudeneſſe, do Camel, do, do.

Achil. Why how now *Aiax* wherefore do yee thus,
How now *Therſites* whats the matter man.

Ther. You ſee him there? do you?

Achil. I whats the matter. *Ther:* Nay looke vpon him.

Achil: So I do, whats the matter?

Ther: Nay but regard him well.

Achil: Well, why ſo I do.

Ther: But yet you looke not well vpon him, for who ſome euer you take him to be he is *Aiax.*

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I but that foole knowes not himſelfe.

Aiax: Therefore I beate thee.

Ther: Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he vtters, his euaſions haue eares thus long, I haue bobd his braine more then he has beate my bones. It will buy nine ſparrowes for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow: this Lord (*Achilles*) *Aiax*, who weares his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I tell you what I ſay of him.

Ach. What. *Ther.* I ſay this *Aiax.*

Achil.

Achil. Nay good *Aiax.* *Ther.* Has not ſo much wit
Achil. Nay I muſt hold you.
Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Hellens* needle, for who
he comes to fight. *Achil.* Peace foole?
Ther. I would haue peace and quietneſſe, but the foo
will not, he there, that he: looke you there?
Aiax. Oh thou damned curre I ſhall ———
Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fooles.
Ther. No I warrant you, the fooles will ſhame it.
Patro. Good words *Theſites.* *Achil.* Whats the quarre
Aiax. I bad the vile oule goe learne me the tenor of t
proclamation, and he railes vpon me.
Ther. I ſerue thee not? *Aiax.* Well, go to, go to.
Ther. I ſerue here voluntary.
Achil. Your laſt ſeruice was ſuffrance: twas not volunta
no man is beaten voluntary, *Aiax* was here the volunta
and you as vnder an Impreſſe.
Ther. E'ene ſo, a great deale of your witte lies in ye
ſinnewes, or els there bee liers, *Hector* ſhall haue a gr
catch and knocke at either of your braines, a were as go
crack a fuſty nut with no kernell.
Achil. What with me to *Therſites.*
Ther. Thers *Viſſes* and old *Neſtor*, whoſe wit was mou
ere their grandſires had nailes, yoke you like draught ox
and make you plough vp the warres.
Achil. What? what?
Ther. Yes good ſooth, to *Achilles*, to *Aiax*, to ———
Aiax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.
Ther. Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeake as much as thou af
Patro. No more words *Therſites* peace. (wa
Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* brooch bids
Achil. There's for you *Patroclus.* (ſha
Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like *Clatpoles*, ere I come
more to your tents, I will keepe where there is wit ſtirr
and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*
Patro. A good riddance.
Achil. Marry this ſir is proclaim'd through all our hoſt
That *Hector* by the firſt houre of the Sunne: